

Sketch

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Article 1

The Sliver

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THE SLIVER

THE boy cried softly as he limped along. Once in a while he sat down and examined the sliver. It was imbedded under the big toenail of his right foot. It penetrated a third the length of the nail. When the boy picked at it, minute particles broke loose. The wood was too weak to permit pulling the sliver back out. A little lining of blood had formed where the nail grew to the skin. The boy got up and hobbled on, placing his weight on only the heel of his right foot. When he reached the steps of the house, he sat down and picked at his toe again.

The man came out of the house. "What's the matter, boy? You hurt yourself again?"

The boy put his foot on the ground, shaking his head rapidly from side to side. "No. I was just crying. I fell down and I was crying because of that."

The man sat down by the boy. "What're you limping for? Hurt your leg in the fall?"

"Ya. I guess I bumped my knee."

"Well, you gotta be more careful. Say, what's the matter with your toe? It's got blood on it."

"Nothing. I guess I stubbed it."

"Well, let me see it."

"It's nothing. I think I'll go play now."

The man reached down and pulled the boy's foot up. "Why, boy, you've got something under the nail. Here, let me get it out."

"No, it's all right." The boy started sniffing.

"No, it isn't all right. If we don't get it out, it might

get infected." The boy jerked each time the man prodded the sliver. After a few tries the man stopped and studied the toe. "Well, boy, it looks like we'll have to cut the toenail back a ways."

"I don't want you to!" The boy began sobbing and tried to pull loose.

"Now, it'll only hurt a little while, and the sliver'll be out." He reached in his back pocket and took out a pocket knife. The boy watched in horror as the man opened the blade.

He gripped the boy's foot firmly and began trimming. Each time the knife point nicked out a chunk of toenail the boy's body stiffened and his sobs rose to a scream.

"Boy, stop that confounded yelling! I'll be through in a minute."

The man pulled his handkerchief out of his pocket and sponged the toe with it. He wiped the knife off and nicked at the toe again. The boy straightened, trembling violently and screaming each time the knife touched the wound.

"I told you to stop yelling — I'm almost done."

The man took a final nick and held up the last of the sliver. "See. There now, that wasn't so bad, was it? I'll get the iodine and gauze and we'll have you all bandaged in no time."

The boy held the soggy handkerchief to his toe and cried uncontrollably.

Andrew Tidemann, Engr. Sr.



PRAYER

May I never need use
That lobbying Muse
Perched like a vulture
At the top of our culture.

James Wickliff, Sc. & H. Grad.